



**Did You Notice the Full Moon**  
Last night! It was very brilliant. So was yesterday's great Sunday Journal. If you missed seeing it you are a heavy loser.  
Next Sunday look out for the Easter Journal. It will be the GRANDEST Sunday paper ever published.

# THE JOURNAL

**NEXT SUNDAY**  
WILL APPEAR THE  
**EASTER JOURNAL.**  
IT WILL BE THE  
**GRANDEST SUNDAY PAPER**  
56 Pages. EVER PUBLISHED. 3 Cents.

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## BRAVE FIREMAN EDWARD WELCH, OF TRUCK NO. 5, FATALLY HURT.

This man, while ascending a ladder to aid in the rescue of a helpless woman, failed to hear the order given by his chief, who was above him, that the base of the ladder should be moved outward. The jar threw him to the ground, and he was so badly hurt that it is not believed he can recover.

## SAVE HER LIFE TO SAVE ANOTHER.

Heroic Acts of the Dwellers in a Burning Death Trap.

One Man Escapes Through Scuttle to Roof and Battles Madly with a Fireman.

Brave Girl Loses Her Life in Vainly Trying to Save an Invalid Aunt, Who Was Helpless.

MEDICAL STUDENT'S NARROW ESCAPE

The Tenement Belongs to the Trinity Corporation and Had Once Been a Mattress Factory—A Fireman Fatally Hurt.

THE DEAD.

Grogan, Archibald, forty-five years old, single; waiter in a downtown restaurant; suffocated by smoke.

Molloy, Thomas, twenty-three years old, single; fireman on the steamship St. Louis; suffocated and slightly burned about the face.

McMahon, Mary, twenty-four years old, single; umbrella maker; suffocated and severely burned about the head.

Ryan, Margaret, sixty years old, single; badly burned about the face, head and body; died on her way to the New York Hospital in an ambulance.

THE INJURED.

Higgins, Kate, thirty-three years old, single; a saleswoman, jumped from a window and fractured left ankle. In St. Vincent's Hospital.

Welch, Edward, fireman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 5, fell from a ladder while attempting to rescue Margaret Ryan; both knee caps broken, right big toe fractured and fatal spinal injuries.

Four lives were lost in a fire which started shortly before 3 o'clock yesterday morning in the three-story brick building, No. 874 Hudson street. Two other persons were injured, one of them, a fireman, so seriously that he now lies in the New York Hospital beyond, so the physicians say, the possibility of recovery. Many others escaped death by flame or smoke in the narrowest manner, some of them by jumping from windows to the street below.

The house in which the fire started is owned by the Trinity Corporation and was at one time a mattress factory, and was leased some time ago by Mrs. Anna McMahon for a term of twelve years. The house itself is thirty feet wide and in the rear is an extension, which goes up to the second story. The ground floor of the house and extension is occupied by John H. Eggers, a wholesale confectioner. The second and third floors of the house contain eight rooms and in the one floor of the extension, used as living apartments, there are six rooms. The interior of the house, as well as the extension, is all of wood, the partitions between the rooms being fashioned out of quarter-inch pine.

The eight rooms on the second floor of the house proper, as well as three rooms of the extension on the north side, were occupied by the McManus family. It consisted of Thomas J. McManus, fifty-five years old, who is engaged in the liquor business; Mrs. Anna McManus, his wife; Thomas J. McManus, Jr., a student in the College of Physicians and Surgeons; Nicholas P. McManus, manager for a whiskey company; Mary McManus, a teacher in the North Moore Street Grammar School, and Hannah McManus, a teacher in Grammar School No. 27, of Brooklyn.

In the south side of the extension lived John McMahon, a laborer, and his wife. Their nephew, Thomas Malloy, who visited them after leaving his ship on Saturday, occupied the spare bedroom in the rear.

On the third floor lived Miss Ryan and her niece, Mary McMahon and Katie Higgins. Archibald Grogan rented one of Miss Ryan's rooms and lived there. Across the hall lived Daniel Sullivan, a laborer; his wife, two daughters, Mary, twenty-one years old, and Julia, sixteen years, and a son, John, aged eighteen years.

### Origin of the Fire.

Just how the fire started is a mystery, but the testimony of the survivors is to the effect that it was either in the kitchen in the extension used by the McManus or in the bath room adjoining, which is used by the McManus family. The Fire Marshal is inclined to believe it started in the kitchen, in view of the fact that in consequence of the arrival of young Molloy, who is Mrs. McMahon's nephew, the latter family stayed up late and were using the stove and oil lamps.

Thomas McMahon, Jr., the medical student, has his laboratory in one of the rooms of the extension. He remained there studying from 9 o'clock Saturday night until 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning, when he went to bed. He had been asleep but an hour or so when he was awakened by loud knocking at the door. At the same time he heard the voice of old John McMahon crying out that the house was on fire. Springing out of bed, young McMahon hurriedly put on some clothes, and, rushing out into the hallway, found the bathroom as well as the McMahon kitchen in flames.

Believing at first that the fire was not of a serious nature, he tried to extinguish it in the bathroom with a few basins of water, and, seeing that this had no effect, he dropped the basin, and, remembering the number of people who were asleep in the house, he hurried to alarm them.

His first thought was of his own family, particularly of his mother, who was an invalid. He dragged all of them except his brother John out of bed, and pushed them, scantily attired as they were, out before him. Then he ran up the stairs to the top floor and hammered on every door at the same time crying out at the top of his voice: "The house is on fire! Get up, for your lives!"

He waited long enough to hear that every body was stirring, and then he turned to make his own escape.

McMahon's Thrilling Escape. Brief as was the time used all escape seemed to have been cut off behind him. The opening of the hall door by the members of his own family had caused a draught that sent the flames in every direction, and on turning he faced a wall of fire. The lower floor was a mass of flame.

In the excitement of the moment it did not occur to McMahon to go back and make his escape through one of the front windows. Instead of that he took a desperate chance. He knew the topography of the house and also knew that if he could get through the flames that were coming up the stairs leading to the third story and reach the landing below, he would have but a single flight of straight stairs to lead him to the street in safety. He ran down a few steps and then jumped right through the flames. The sleeves of his coat caught fire, but fortunately he did not fall, and dashing through the flames and turning the corner to the lower flight he jumped from top to bottom, reaching the street with singed hair and eyebrows.

On the sidewalk he found McMahon and his wife, as well as the members of his own family; all except his brother John, who at that moment appeared at one of the front windows. John McMahon had taken too much time to dress, and had found escape cut off by way of the stairs. In the presence of the terrified members of his family in the street below he jumped from

the window, but beyond being badly shaken up was uninjured. No policeman had yet arrived.

Up to this time nothing had been seen of the Sullivan family, Miss Ryan, her niece and lodger, nor of young Molloy. The fact that the latter was in danger suddenly dawned upon his aunt, Mrs. McMahon. She kept wringing her hands as she stood shivering on the sidewalk and crying pitifully: "My poor boy. I will never be able to face his father again."

By Molloy's father she meant her own brother, who is in Ireland. Suddenly she cried: "I will save him!" and ran into the flame-filled hallway.

"Come back! You are mad!" cried the others, but it was not until McMahon, the young medical student, who sprang forward, had seized her around the waist as she was about to rush up the stairway, that she gave up her suicidal attempt at rescue.

While this was going on Policeman Coleman, of the MacDougal Street Station, saw the blaze and turned in an alarm. The firemen were on the scene a few minutes later.

One of them—Edward Worts, a member of Engine Company 30—immediately on his arrival carried a hose up a ladder to the roof of the adjoining house on the north. The water had been turned on, but, instead of using it, he was forced to drop the hose and engaging in a hand to hand conflict with a man who was temporarily crazed by the fire.

### A Battle on the Roof.

Daniel Sullivan, who, as stated, lived on the top floor of the house, on being awakened by the cry of fire, was so bewildered that he dashed out into the hallway. The furnace below did not tend to restore his scattered senses, and with a cry for every one to look out for themselves, he made his way to the scuttle which leads to the roof. It was only the work of a few moments for Sullivan to gain, and there he sat for a few seconds.

Suddenly the realization came to him that he had left his wife and children to the mercy of the flames below. In the interval the scuttle had caught fire, and as the woodwork was dry, it was but an instant before the aperture resembled a volcano shooting flames.

Sullivan stared stupidly at it for a moment, and then, arising, moved toward the blazing scuttle. It was just at that moment that Fireman Worts appeared on the roof of the next house with the line of hose. Other firemen had run up other ladders, and the members of the Sullivan family had been rescued, but this man, half crazed with fear and grief on the roof, did not know of their safety.

Fireman Worts called out to Sullivan to stop. The latter called back: "I am going for my family," and he edged closer to the scuttle, above which the flames were now ascending to a height of four feet.

"You are crazy," the fireman cried. "Come back!"

Sullivan was then less than two feet from the well of fire, and, seeing his danger, Worts dropped the hose, and jumping across the intervening space, seized the half-crazed man. Sullivan, however, would not be stayed. He struck the fireman a blow that almost stunned him. The fireman gripped him around the waist, and the men wrestled. In spite of his fifty-two years, Sullivan is as powerful and active as a young man. Around and around the two men struggled, always in the vicinity of the blazing scuttle; one with no desire but to save his family, the other heroically determined to prevent suicide. During the battle the fireman kept calling for help, which finally came. A number of his fellows came to his rescue, and Sullivan was dragged to the ladder and forced to go down it. On the sidewalk he found all the members of his family weeping over his supposed loss.

While this was going on one of the most pitiful incidents in connection with the fire was being enacted across the hall from the Sullivans, in the apartments occupied by Miss Margaret Ryan, her

Continued on Third Page.

## KILLED TO GET A BABY'S FORTUNE.

Rech and His Wife Had Plotted to Palm Off a Babe as Theirs

Money of Which She Had Been Disinherited Was to Come to a Child Born to Her.

Not Satisfied with Their Plot to Divide This Inheritance He Murdered Her to Get All.

GAVE HIMSELF UP WHEN HUNTED.

Farmers of Featherton, Pa., Whom He Offered to Treat to Drinks, Recognized the Fugitive and Surrounded Him.

Philadelphia, March 29.—John Rech has confessed that he murdered his own wife and buried her. Haunted by his conscience and hunted by detectives, he finally gave himself up to farmers at Featherton, Pa. He told them his name was Rech and that he had killed his wife.

Later, when turned over to the police, Rech made a full statement of the crime and the events that led up to it. This confession has been reduced to writing and signed by the murderer. The document is now held by the Superintendent of the Philadelphia police.

The story of this crime, as detailed in this confession and verified by the detectives to-day, is strange almost beyond belief. Rech and his wife plotted to steal a fortune by secretly adopting a child and claiming it as their own. The fortune was to go to the child on the mother's death, but if the mother died without one, was to revert to charities.

The will made by Mrs. Rech, giving her property on her death to her husband, was a part of the plot. Rech took advantage of it to carry the secret scheme out to the furthermost, and killed his wife. The detectives to-day, however, have proved the truth of the confession by finding the woman Rech said was the real mother of the infant, and hearing the story from her lips.

Rech and his brother, with the infant, came from May's Landing to Philadelphia Thursday night. The brother went to his home in Allentown, and Rech spent most of the next two days in Philadelphia trying to find a home for the infant.

### FOUND HIMSELF HUNTED.

Rech did not learn of the discovery of the murder or that suspicion was directed against him until the very night of his capture. He read the paper that told him the detectives were after him when he was seated in a little barroom at Somerton, where he had gone to look for work on a farm under an assumed name.

Somerton is in the extreme northeast corner of Philadelphia. John Dupes, the owner of the bar-room, watched the actions of the stranger reading the paper. The stranger turned white, read and re-read the article, and turned quickly to the man behind the counter and asked:

"Where am I?"

The answer to this strange question was "In Philadelphia."

At that the man with the paper threw it down suddenly, and, rising, walked deliberately out of the door and went away, leaving his overcoat behind.

The move was such a peculiar one that Dupes was filled with suspicion. He went over to the table and looked at the paper the man had been reading.

The most important article on the page was the one relating to the Rech murder. It flashed through Dupes's mind that the man had been Rech himself. Dupes took the coat that had been left behind by the stranger and looked it over carefully. In one pocket he found a letter addressed, "John Rech."

CAPTURED IN A HOTEL. Dupes hurried out in the direction Rech had gone, but could not find him. He sent word to the next place along the turn pike, which is the village of Featherton. Rech entered Buck's Hotel, at Featherton, at 9 o'clock at night. There was a crowd of farmers there and as soon as he came in they concluded he was the man that was wanted, and began to eye him suspiciously.

He called for the drinks for the crowd and the men in the place took advantage of this to form a ring around him. He stepped outside and a lot of them followed and still kept around him. Rech at last turned to L. J. Ridge, one of the farmers in the group, and said bluntly:

"I know what you want to know. I am John Rech. I am the man that killed his wife and I am ready to give myself up."

Rech told the farmers that he intended to give himself up as soon as he found the murder had been discovered. He concluded he would give himself up on Monday, as he wanted to spend one Sunday quietly before he went to jail. Rech said he killed his wife on Saturday night. The farmers took Rech with them, and did not turn the important prisoner over until they got before Police Lieutenant Hanson. This was at 1:30 this morning.

At the Frankford District Station Rech was handcuffed to Detectives Gallagher and Whitcombe, the principal men working on the case, and they rode downtown to the City Hall in a trolley car with him. Rech was sullen and stupid until the car got to the depot of the Fifth and Sixth street car lines. Then Rech demanded that the nippers on his wrists should be loosened, and showed fight. Detective Whitcombe produced a revolver and said he would give Rech all the fight he cared to have.

"If you would put a bullet through my head," the wife murderer remarked, "I wouldn't care, anyway."

"What were you doing in Somerton?" asked Gallagher.



## The Baby Around Whom a Fraud Was Plotted, Ending in Murder.

Mr. and Mrs. Rech, to fraudulently secure an inheritance which was to come to a child born to her, planned to palm off as hers a child for which they advertised. They named him "Fred Rech." John Rech, the husband, not content to wait for his share of the inheritance, killed his wife, Bessie Rech, to secure it all. Her body was found by neighbors buried in a wood.

"I wanted to see if I could get work under some other name than my own, and get money enough together to get out of the country."

At the City Hall Rech was searched, and two knives were found on him and some cartridges, but no revolver. During the forenoon, when Captain Miller, of the Detective Department, came down, he was closeted with Rech for nearly four hours. It was decided by the Superintendent of Police that the confession in its entirety should be kept secret until turned over to the authorities where the crime was committed.

An order from one of the higher authorities in the Police Department was necessary even to see Rech to-day. Officers were present and would not allow the prisoner to answer any questions as to what was in his confession.

Rech was dressed in a blue cheviot suit. He has a full face, light brown mustache, good head and regular features, and would pass for a good-looking man anywhere. There is nothing of the abnormal in his appearance, and he does not act in the least as if he was crazy.

One thing Rech did say was that he wrote to Carroll Williams on Saturday, telling him he thought of giving himself up to the police. Attorney Carroll Williams was seen, but he had not received a letter written by Rech.

### THE MOTHER OF THE INFANT.

Williams gave other information bearing on the case, which later resulted in the discovery of the sensational nature of Rech's confession. Rech gave the police the address of the mother of the infant he and his wife had claimed as their own.

Detective Whitcomb to-night saw the mother, who lives in Philadelphia, and found the statement made by Rech to be absolutely true. The name of the mother is not divulged by the officers. She told them a man in New York City was the father of the child. It was born eleven months ago. Six weeks ago an advertisement for a baby to adopt appeared in a newspaper. The mother says she answered it, and found the one who wanted the baby was Mrs. John Rech, the woman who has now been so cruelly murdered.

This, with the information given by Attorney Williams in Philadelphia, and by Leon Mischler, the nearest neighbor of the Rechs at Estellville, makes the whole plot clear. Rech had deserted his wife and family at Allentown, Pa. It was at Gloucester that he met the woman he has now killed. She used to attend the races. It was at this time that the girl was married to Rech, the brewer, but, soon after an absolute divorce was granted Rech, he told the police yesterday that he married the woman last May at Jersey City. If he did so he is a bigamist, as well as murderer, for his deserted wife and children are still living at Catasque, Pa., and there is no divorce.

Rech was, therefore, a wife deserter, and the woman was one who had figured in one of the most scandalous cases in Philadelphia courts. Such was the couple who had planned to grab a fortune by palming off another child as their own.

The will that they concocted is dated November 25. At that time they were preparing to get the baby and had agreed on the sex of the child and its name. The will is drawn to give all the possessions of Mrs. Rech to the husband to hold in trust for Fred Rech, an infant child. At this time the Rechs had not even advertised for a child to adopt.

### WHO IS MRS. GOODWIN?

New Yorker Who Lost \$40,000 at Monaco Forced the Association to Give Her a Ticket to This Country.

By Henry W. Fischer.

Berlin, March 29.—The Lokal Anzeiger has a Monaco special which says that a Mrs. Goodwin, of New York, after losing \$40,000 forced the gambling authorities to disgorge \$200.

The association offered to pay her passage to London, but the American woman made such a row that they gladly agreed to buy her a ticket to New York, at the same time prohibiting her using the tables in future.

"DYGERT MUST BE FOUND." Senator Cullom Declares He Will Brook No Further Dilly-Dallying—Congress on Cuba.

By Julius Chambers.

Washington, March 29.—"Walter Dygert has got to be found, and, if there is nothing proven against him, released, or I will make trouble for somebody," said Senator Cullom to-night.

"I have tried to obtain information from the State Department about this young man, but have been unsuccessful. Tomorrow morning I am going there in person, and if I cannot get satisfaction I shall introduce a resolution asking that the desired facts be transmitted to the Senate."

"I receive letters and telegrams every day asking what disposition has been made of his case. His father is a very respectable and good citizen of Illinois, and I don't intend that his son shall be butchered by Spaniards, if I can prevent it."

The State Department, if it has heard anything, which is extremely doubtful, has not even been humane enough to let the news be transmitted to the aged parents of this unfortunate young man. Now that Senator Cullom has undertaken the task of securing the liberation of Dygert, it is probable that something definite will be known in a short while.

The Cuban resolutions will come up in the House to-morrow and be passed. They are only an expression of sympathy for the Cubans, but at the same time they give to the President the support of Congress and also the moral support of that body to the belligerents.

If, after a reasonable time, nothing is done toward granting the desired recognition, a joint resolution will be introduced which the President will either have to sign or veto within ten days after its receipt, as at the expiration of that time it becomes operative. The question of granting belligerent rights to the Cubans will not be allowed to drop, and if no action is taken by the Chief Executive within the next three weeks the matter will be brought to a head by pressing the joint resolution.

### DIED AFTER NAMING BABY.

Mrs. Sutherland's Demise a Sad Sequel to the Supposed Poisoning of Her Little Daughter.

There was a sad sequel Saturday night to the death of nine-year-old Lillie Sutherland, supposed to have been killed by eating "April Fool" candy. Her mother died of a broken heart. A knot of black crape on the door announced it yesterday.

It is believed that Mrs. Sutherland asked for an autopsy to determine whether the candy caused death. Dr. O. E. Hill said he believed she had been poisoned. As a result of the autopsy the funeral did not take place till Friday afternoon.

When Mrs. Sutherland's married daughters called Thursday evening they found their mother ill and confined to her bed, and at 11 o'clock a healthy baby girl made her unexpected advent. Mrs. Sutherland was still confined to her bed Friday afternoon when the funeral took place.

"Lillie," she cried out as the coffin was being carried to the hearse, "mamma won't be long after you."

"What will you call the baby?" she asked between labored breaths at half-past 5.

The children suggested that she should decide. "Name her Hazel." Those were her last words. An hour later she died.

Her husband, Joseph Sutherland, who is a brother of Kenneth F. Sutherland, John Y. McKane's former Police Justice, is so affected that he cannot enter the room where his dead wife's body lies.

Mrs. Sutherland was the mother of ten children, three of whom are dead.

Chemist O. Thomson, of No. 59 Centre street, who analyzed the candy for the Journal found it to contain red pepper in large quantities, but no poison. He thinks it could not have caused death.

Coroner Coombes has not yet completed the tests to which the child's stomach is being subjected, but so far the evidence is that death was caused by peritonitis.

## BROOKLYN SALOONS WERE CLOSED.

For the First Time in Fourteen Years the City Was "Dry."

The Raines Law Enforced Strictly to the Letter Yesterday by the Police.

No Attempt to Enforce the Measure in New York, but Liquor Dealers Were Afraid to Open.

JERSEY CITY THE MECCA OF MANY.

Residents of Greater New York Sought Refreshments in the Adjoining State. Dreary Day for Coney Island Visitors.

The Raines Liquor Tax law, about which so much has been said and written, was enforced in the city of Brooklyn yesterday, and the residents of that town came face to face with a new order of things.

In this city the Chief of Police, according to his promise, made no attempt to enforce the new law, but nevertheless its effect was strongly felt.

So heavy are the penalties for the violation of this law, so cunning are the schemes to detect all who attempt to violate it, and so speedy is the punishment for those who are caught, that saloon keepers are actually bewildered by the measure.

The result was that most of the saloons that were open in this town last Sunday were closed yesterday out of sheer fright. In many places in New York the new law was voluntarily observed to the letter.

In Brooklyn, for the first time in fourteen years, thousands and thousands of residents found it impossible to obtain a drink of liquor. As you will see by Superintendent McKelvey's statement to the Journal, the police are thoroughly satisfied with the manner in which the law was enforced.

In over 200 saloons in Brooklyn, it is true, the Raines law was violated by the failure to expose the bar to public gaze, but this the police authorities attribute to ignorance more than any idea of violating the law.

The fact is that Brooklyn was to all intents and purposes a dry town yesterday. All the liquor that was sold in saloons there would not have quenched the thirst of fifty able-bodied men.

Many Brooklynites crossed the bridge with the intention of get-